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Edgar Allan Poe — Pascal Somon

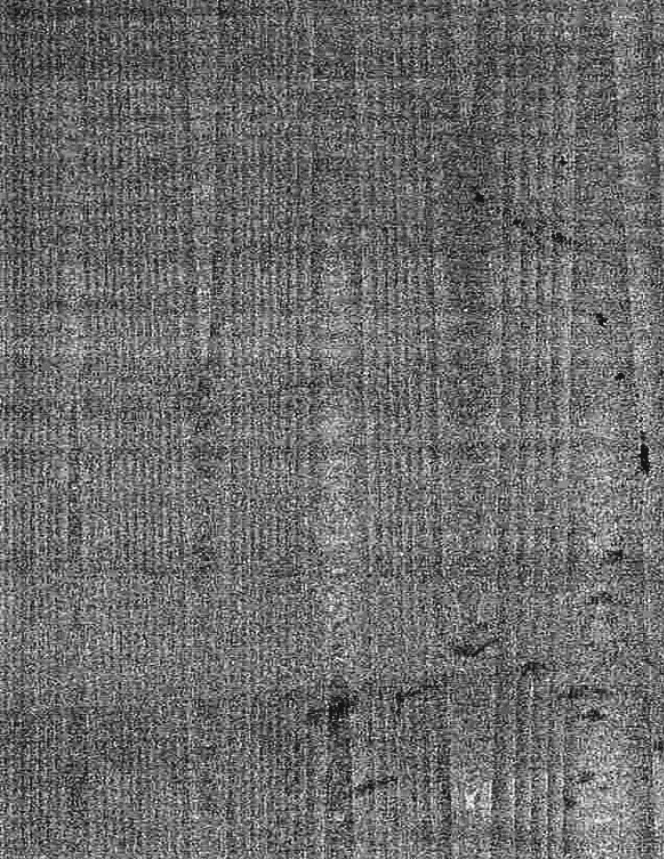
The Oval Portrait

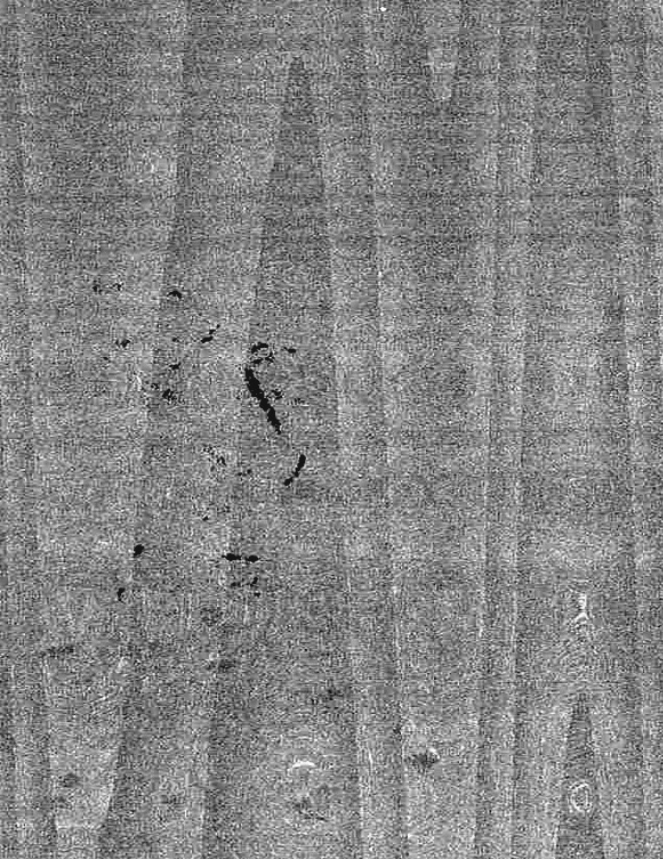


Portrait



Nucléa





The Oval Po

Story - Edgar Allan P

Art - Pascal Somon

Scanlation - SnipeIt & n

Original scanning - Some gentle u
(thanks to him or her)



Portrait

oe

uncio

unknown scanner
(r)

Nucléa



For my parents. For Jacques
who has accompanied me
Thank you, Françoise Jacques, for your
and huge thanks, Enki, for your e

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Lob. Thanks to William Sheller,
me throughout this album.
your patience and your love for the art,
encouragements and your foreword.

nucléa
www.nuclea.fr

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rés pour tous pays.

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e – Tournai – Belgique
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Edgar Allan Poe was declining
Charles Baudelaire, however,
was also romantically brilliant
And the conjugation of both genres
which does not lose a single word
Then, Pascal Simon, the French critic
unaware or completely aware
None of all that, for
He is simply
He takes Poe's text like a crucible
history to show us it is
Direction of balance between
but especially art of

ing romantic, often brilliant.
is French translator,
lliant, but more modern.
gives texts a pictorial richness
anything in process.
e artist is either insane,
ely megalomaniac?
riendly reader.
perverse.
tch with which he supports
holds well upright!
ing more than good,
of the painting.

Emile Zola

Edgar Poe, in 1809, wrote seventy tales of fantasy. Forty of those were gathered in two collections, *Tales*, in 1845, four years before his death.

Charles Baudelaire discovered this writer in 1845, since he proposed it for publication; a first French translation.

Thereafter, he translated 36 tales of the *Tales* series in the *Le Pays* in 1954 and 1955, gathered by Lévy : 13 in first, published in 1956 title *Histoires Extraordinaires*, published in 1957 title *Nouvelles Histoires Extraordinaires*.

The Oval Portrait is the breaking news of the death of Edgar Poe in 1842 in *Graham's Magazine*, collected in *Tales* in 1845 under the title *The Oval Portrait*.

The translation of Charles Baudelaire has appeared before appearing in *Nouvelles Histoires Extraordinaires*.

easy, published initially in American newspapers.
published by Wiles and Putman, under the title

1947 and very quickly undertook to translate it
each text of the 1948.

s collection and, after having them published in
ered them in two volumes published by Michel
stories Extraordinaires and 23 in the second,
ardinaires.

the second collection. It has been published by
under the title *Life In Death*, and then in the
al Portrait.

been published in *Le Pays* in January 1855,
ardinaires.

THE OVAL

The Chateau into which my valet had ventured me, in my desperately wounded condition, those piles of commingled gloom and grand Appennines, not less in fact than in the fancy, been temporarily and very lately abandoned to the smallest and least sumptuously furnished building. Its decorations were rich, yet tattered with tapestry and bedecked with manifold and many an unusually great number of very spirited and arabesque. In these paintings, which depicted surfaces, but in very many nooks which the necessary- in these paintings my incipient desire of interest; so that I bade Pedro to close the heavy night- to light the tongues of a tall candelabrum and throw open far and wide the fringed curtains of itself. I wished all this done that I might resign myself to the contemplation of these pictures, and then I found upon the pillow, and which purported to

Long- long I read- and devoutly, devotedly I lay by and the deep midnight came. The position of my outreaching my hand with difficulty, rather than

PORTRAIT

red to make forcible entry, rather than permit to pass a night in the open air, was one of our chief considerations. It was a room of the kind which have so long frowned among the aristocracy of Mrs.Radcliffe. To all appearance it had been a library. We established ourselves in one of the apartments. It lay in a remote turret of the castle, and was dark and antique. Its walls were hung with various armorial trophies, together with an occasional modern painting in frames of rich golden wood. The tapestries which hung from the walls not only in their main design, but in the bizarre architecture of the chateau rendered the room a perfect equilibrium, perhaps, had caused me to take deep interest in the heavy shutters of the room- since it was already late in the evening when I stood by the head of my bed- and to the darkness of black velvet which enveloped the bed I was content to myself, if not to sleep, at least alternately to devote myself to the perusal of a small volume which had been placed on the table to criticise and describe them.

I gazed. Rapidly and gloriously the hours flew by. The position of the candelabrum displeased me, and when I wished to disturb my slumbering valet, I placed it so

as to throw its rays more fully upon the book. unanticipated. The rays of the numerous candles in the niche of the room which had hitherto been thrown upon the wall, I thus saw in vivid light a picture all unnoticed and ripening into womanhood. I glanced at the picture. Why I did this was not at first apparent even to me. It remained thus shut, I ran over in my mind the various impulsive movement to gain time for thought- me- to calm and subdue my fancy for a more orderly train of moments I again looked fixedly at the painting.

That I now saw aright I could not and would not. Upon that canvas had seemed to dissipate the rays of the senses, and to startle me at once into waking.

The portrait, I have already said, was that of a woman, shoulders, done in what is technically termed the style of favorite heads of Sully. The arms, the bosom, the face imperceptibly into the vague yet deep shadow of the background. The frame was oval, richly gilded and filigreed, and was more admirable than the painting itself. But the work, nor the immortal beauty of the color, nor the vehemently moved me. Least of all, could it be that I, slumber, had mistaken the head for that of a woman. The peculiarities of the design, of the vignetting, and

But the action produced an effect altogether
andles (for there were many) now fell within a
own into deep shade by one of the bed-posts.
before. It was the portrait of a young girl just
painting hurriedly, and then closed my eyes.
en to my own perception. But while my lids
my reason for so shutting them. It was an
to make sure that my vision had not deceived
e sober and more certain gaze. In a very few
g.

not doubt; for the first flashing of the candles
ne dreamy stupor which was stealing over my
life.

at of a young girl. It was a mere head and
d a vignette manner; much in the style of the
, and even the ends of the radiant hair melted
w which formed the back-ground of the whole.
d in Moresque. As a thing of art nothing could
ut it could have been neither the execution of
ountenance, which had so suddenly and so
have been that my fancy, shaken from its half
of a living person. I saw at once that the
nd of the frame, must have instantly dispelled

such idea- must have prevented even its mo
upon these points, I remained, for an hour p
vision riveted upon the portrait. At length, sa
back within the bed. I had found the spell of
expression, which, at first startling, finally co
deep and reverent awe I replaced the cande
my deep agitation being thus shut from v
discussed the paintings and their histories. T
oval portrait, I there read the vague and quai

"She was a maiden of rarest beauty, and no
the hour when she saw, and loved, and we
austere, and having already a bride in his A
more lovely than full of glee; all light and smile
and cherishing all things; hating only the Art
and brushes and other untoward instrument
her lover. It was thus a terrible thing for this la
pourtray even his young bride. But she wa
many weeks in the dark, high turret-cham
canvas only from overhead. But he, the pa
from hour to hour, and from day to day. And
man, who became lost in reveries; so that h
ghastly in that lone turret withered the health
to all but him. Yet she smiled on and still on,

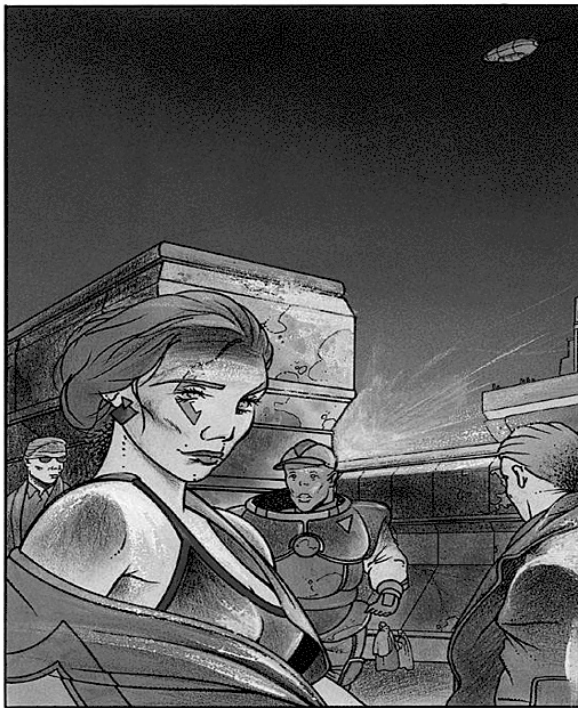
mentary entertainment. Thinking earnestly perhaps, half sitting, half reclining, with my satisfied with the true secret of its effect, I fell of the picture in an absolute life-likeness of unfounded, subdued, and appalled me. With elabrum in its former position. The cause of view, I sought eagerly the volume which turning to the number which designated the nt words which follow:

not more lovely than full of glee. And evil was added the painter. He, passionate, studious, Art; she a maiden of rarest beauty, and not es, and frolicsome as the young fawn; loving which was her rival; dreading only the pallet s which deprived her of the countenance of ady to hear the painter speak of his desire to s humble and obedient, and sat meekly for ber where the light dripped upon the pale inter, took glory in his work, which went on d be was a passionate, and wild, and moody he would not see that the light which fell so and the spirits of his bride, who pined visibly uncomplainingly, because she saw that the

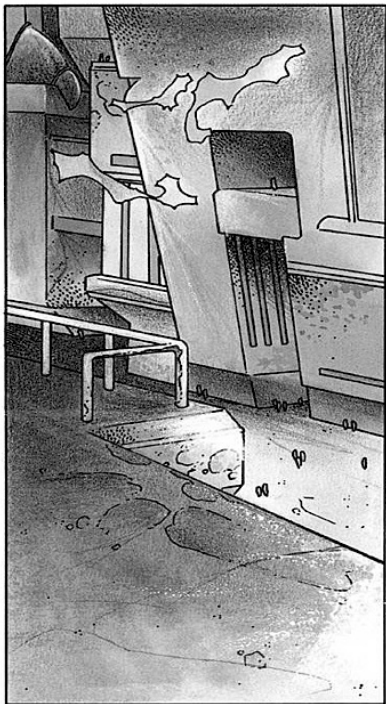
painter (who had high renown) took a fervid day and night to depict her who so loved him weak. And in sooth some who beheld the portrait of a mighty marvel, and a proof not less of love for her whom he depicted so surpassing nearer to its conclusion, there were admitted grown wild with the ardor of his work, and to regard the countenance of his wife. And spread upon the canvas were drawn from And when many weeks had passed, and upon the mouth and one tint upon the eye, the flame within the socket of the lamp. And tint was placed; and, for one moment, the which he had wrought; but in the next, when very pallid, and aghast, and crying with a loud suddenly to regard his beloved: She was d

and burning pleasure in his task, and wrought
him, yet who grew daily more dispirited and
trait spoke of its resemblance in low words, as
of the power of the painter than of his deep
ingly well. But at length, as the labor drew
ed none into the turret; for the painter had
turned his eyes from canvas merely, even
d he would not see that the tints which he
n the cheeks of her who sate beside him.
but little remained to do, save one brush
the spirit of the lady again flickered up as
nd then the brush was given, and then the
e painter stood entranced before the work
hile he yet gazed, he grew tremulous and
oud voice, 'This is indeed Life itself!' turned
ead!

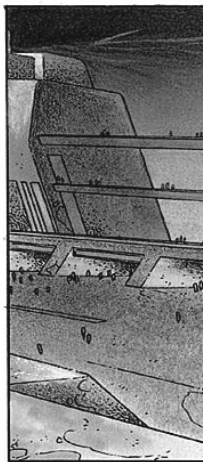
Edgar Allan Poe
1850.

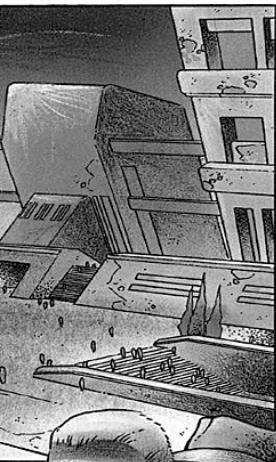




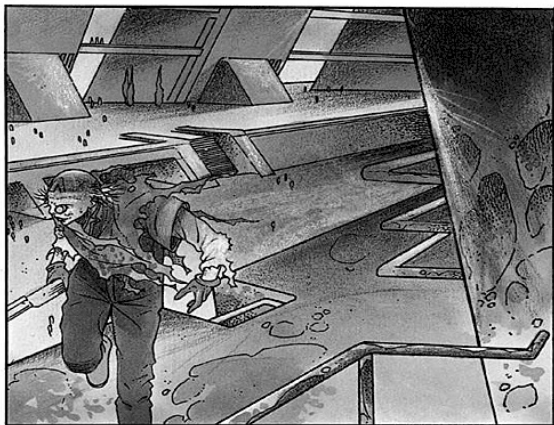
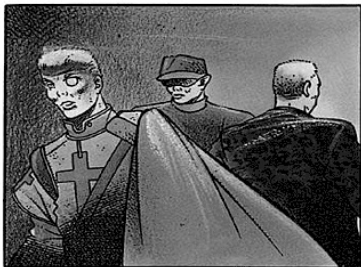


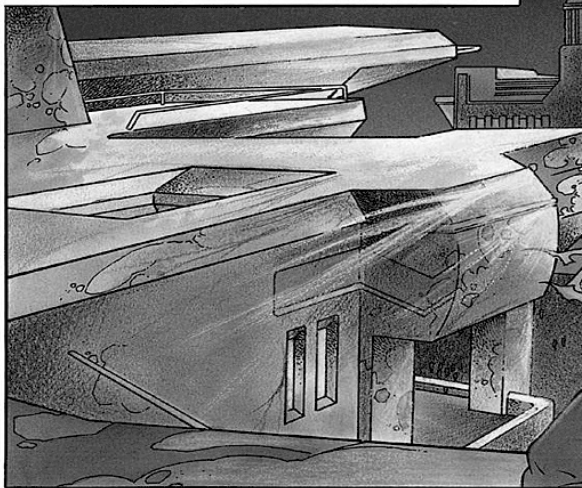






















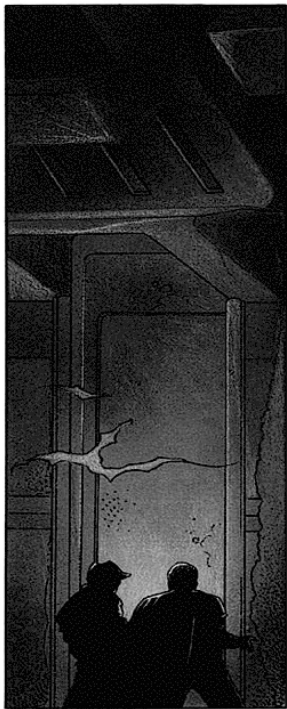
THE CHATEAU INTO WHICH MY VALET HAS
RATHER THAN PERMIT ME, IN MY DESIRE
TO SPEND A NIGHT IN THE OPEN
OF COMMINGLED GLOOM



D VENTURED TO MAKE FORCIBLE ENTRY,
SPERATELY WOUNDED CONDITION,
AIR, WAS ONE OF THOSE PILES
OM AND GRANDEUR...



...TO ALL AP
IT HAD BEEN TEMPORARILY AND



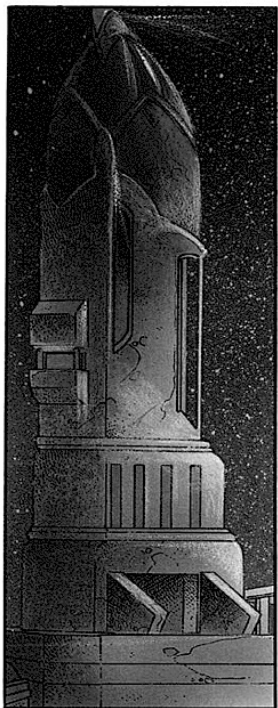
APPEARANCE
AND VERY RECENTLY ABANDONED.



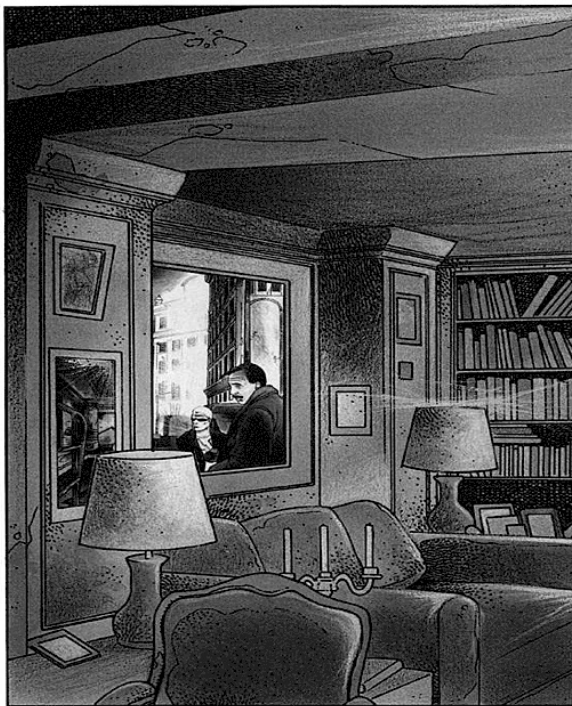
WE ESTABLISHED OURSELVES IN C
SUMPTUOUSLY FURNI
IT LAY IN A REMOTE TL



ONE OF THE SMALLEST AND LEAST
FISHED APARTMENTS...
CORRET OF THE BUILDING.



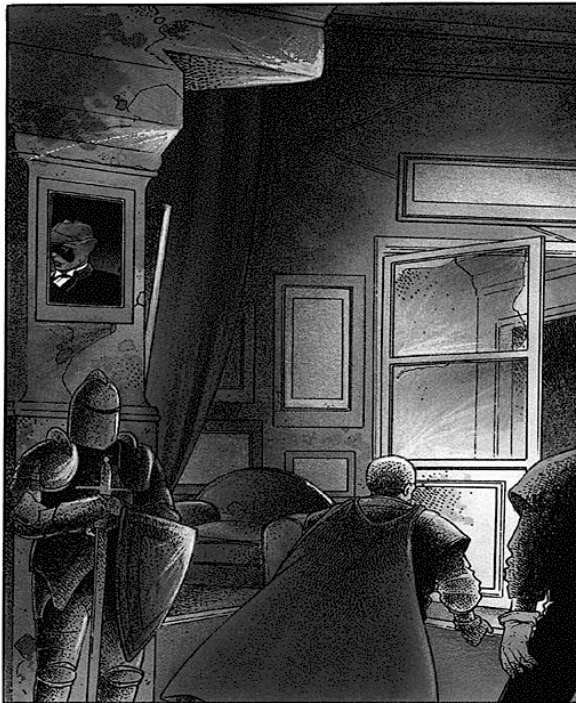
ITS DECORATIONS WERE RICH,



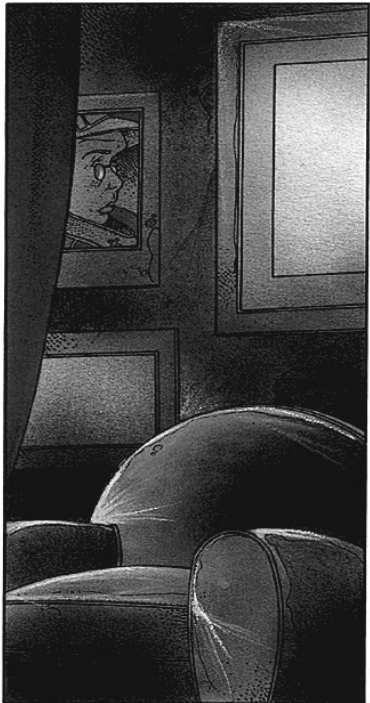
YET TATTERED AND ANTIQUE...



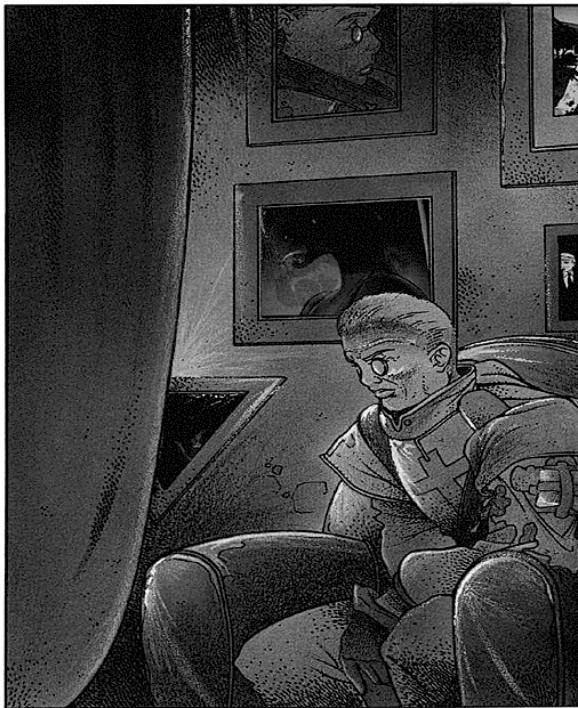
ITS WALLS WERE HUNG WITH TAPES
AND MULTIFORM ARMORIAL TROPHIES
A GREAT NUMBER OF VERY SPIRITUAL
IN FRAMES OF RICH GOLD



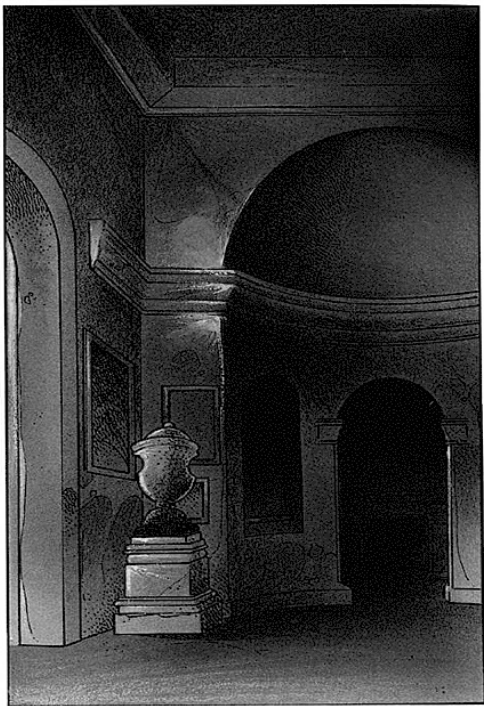
TRY AND BEDECKED WITH MANIFOLD
ES... TOGETHER WITH AN UNUSUALLY
RITED MODERN PAINTINGS
OLDEN ARABESQUE...



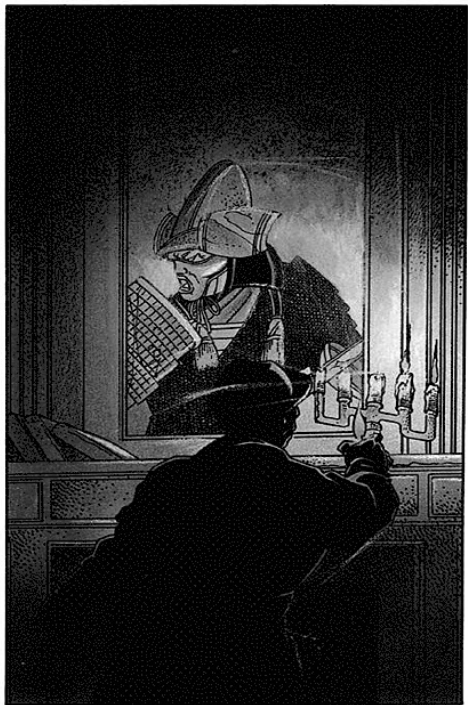
I HAVE FOUND PROFOUND INTEREST IN
THE WALLS NOT ONLY IN MAIN AREAS,
THE BIZZARE ARCHITECTURE OF THE CHA



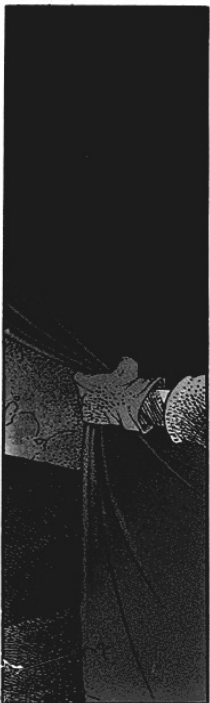
IN THESE PAINTINGS HANGING FROM
BUT IN MANY NOOKS AS WELL WERE
ATEAH MADE QUITE UNEXPECTED TURNS.



...SO I BADE PEDRO TO LIGHT THE T
WHICH STOOD BY THE HEAD OF MY BED
THE FRINGED CURTAINS OF BLACK VELV



...TONGUES OF A TALL CANDELABRUM
...D, AND TO THROW OPEN FAR AND WIDE
...NET WHICH SURROUNDED THE BED ITSELF.



I READ A LONG, LONG TIME... I CONTE
RAPIDLY AND GLORIOUSLY THE HOURS
THE POSITION OF THE CANDELABRUM DIS
WITH DIFFICULTY, I PLACED IT SO AS TO THR



EMPLATED RELIGIOUSLY, DEVOTEDLY...
FLEW BY AND THE DEEP MIDNIGHT CAME.
PLEASED ME, AND OUTREACHING MY HAND
OW ITS RAYS MORE FULLY UPON THE BOOK...



...I THUS SAW IN VIVID LIGHT A PI
IT WAS THE PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIR



ICTURE ALL UNNOTICED BEFORE.
RL JUST RIPENING INTO WOMANHOOD.



I GLANCED AT THE PAINTING HURR.
WHY I DID THIS WAS NOT AT FIRST AP



IEDLY, AND THEN CLOSED MY EYES.
PPARENT EVEN TO MY OWN PERCEPTION.



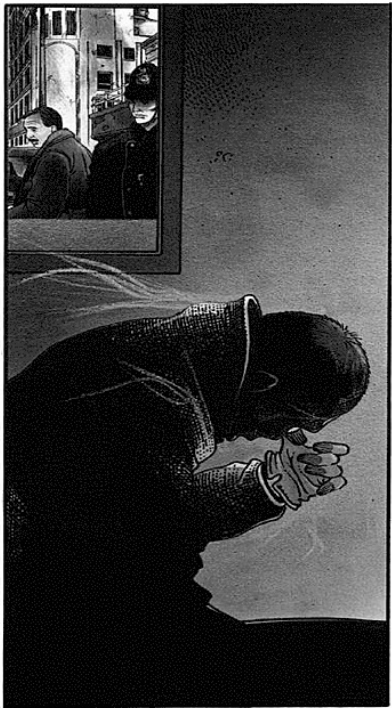
IN A VERY FEW MOMENTS I AGAIN
THAT I NOW SAW ARIGHT I COULD



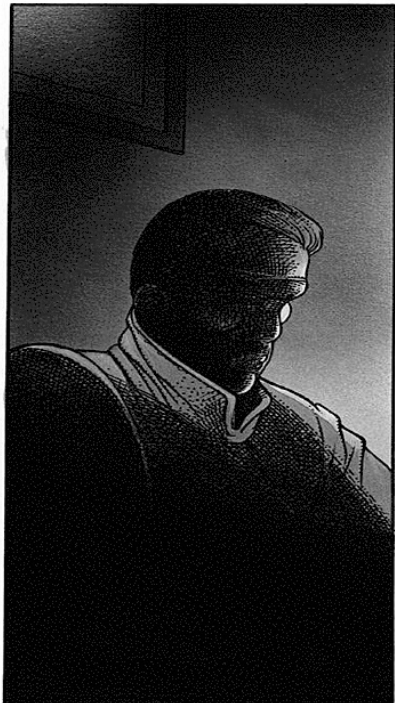
LOOKED FIXEDLY AT THE PAINTING.
DID NOT AND WOULD NOT DOUBT.



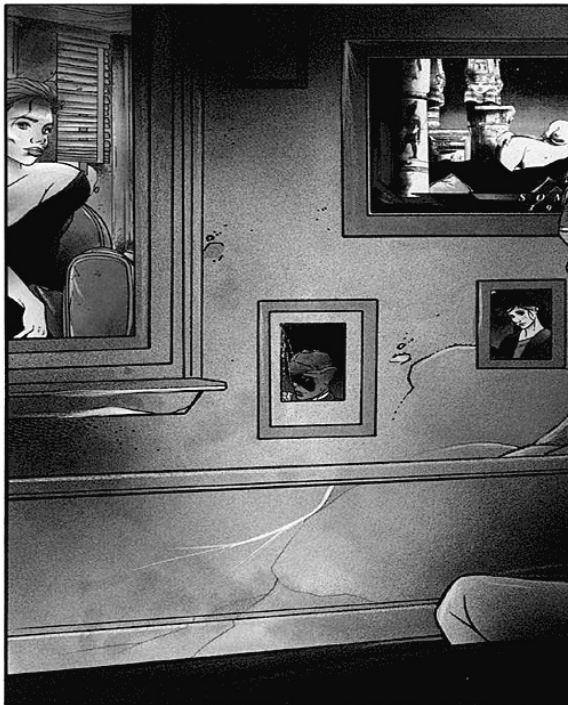
...BUT IT COULD HAVE BEEN NEITHER THE EX
BEAUTY OF THE COUNTENANCE, WHICH H
MOVED ME. LEAST OF ALL, COULD IT HAVE
HALF SLUMBER, HAD MISTAKEN THE H



EXECUTION OF THE WORK, NOR THE IMMORTAL
HAD SO SUDDENLY AND SO VEHEMENTLY
BEEN THAT MY FANCY, SHAKEN FROM ITS
HEAD FOR THAT OF A LIVING PERSON.



THINKING EARNESTLY UPON THESE POINTS,
SITTING, HALF RECLINING, WITH MY VISION
SATISFIED WITH THE TRUE SECRET OF ITS ESSENCE
FOUND THE SPELL OF THE PICTURE IN AN ABSO



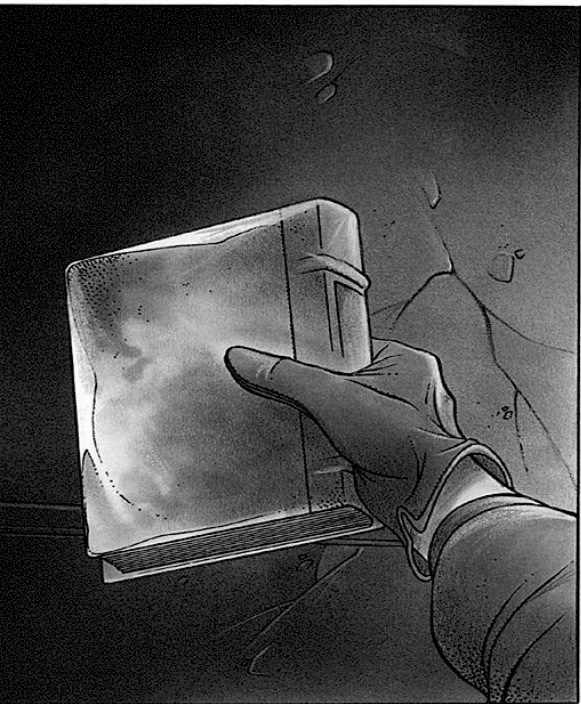
I REMAINED, FOR AN HOUR PERHAPS, HALF
RIVETED UPON THE PORTRAIT. AT LENGTH,
EFFECT, I FELL BACK WITHIN THE BED. I HAD
ABSOLUTE LIFE-LIKELINESS OF EXPRESSION...



WHICH, AT FIRST STARTLING, FINALLY CO
I SOUGHT EAGERLY THE VOLUME
AND THEIR



ONFOUNDED, SUBDUED, AND APPALLED ME.
WHICH DISCUSSED THE PAINTINGS
HISTORIES.



TURNING TO THE NUMBER WHICH
I THERE READ THE VAGUE AND G



DESIGNATED THE OVAL PORTRAIT,
PLAIN WORDS WHICH FOLLOW...



*SHE WAS A MAIDEN OF RAREST
THAN FULL*



BEAUTY, AND NOT MORE LOVELY
OF GLEE.



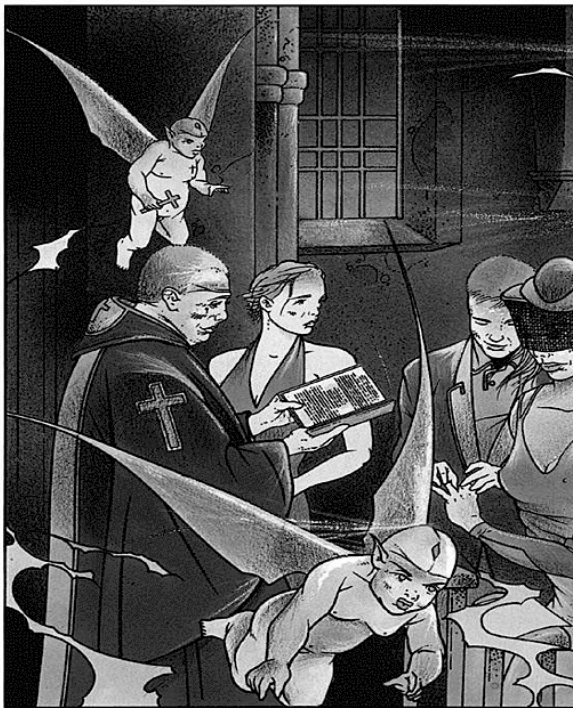
AND EVIL WAS THE HOUR V



WHEN SHE SAW, AND LOVED...

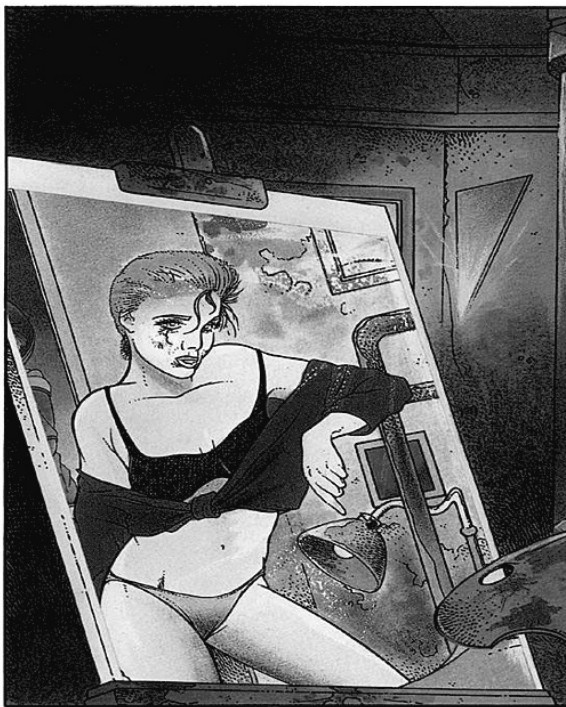


...AND WEDDED





HE, PASSIONATE, STUDIOUS,
A BRIDE IN



...AUSTERE, AND HAVING ALREADY
HIS ART...



*SHE, ALL LIGHT AND SMILES, AND
LOVING AND CHERISHED*



*PROLICSOME AS THE YOUNG FAWN;
SHING ALL THINGS.*



HATING ONLY THE ART WHICH WAS HER
AND BRUSHES AND OTHER ANNOYING
OF THE COUNTENANCE



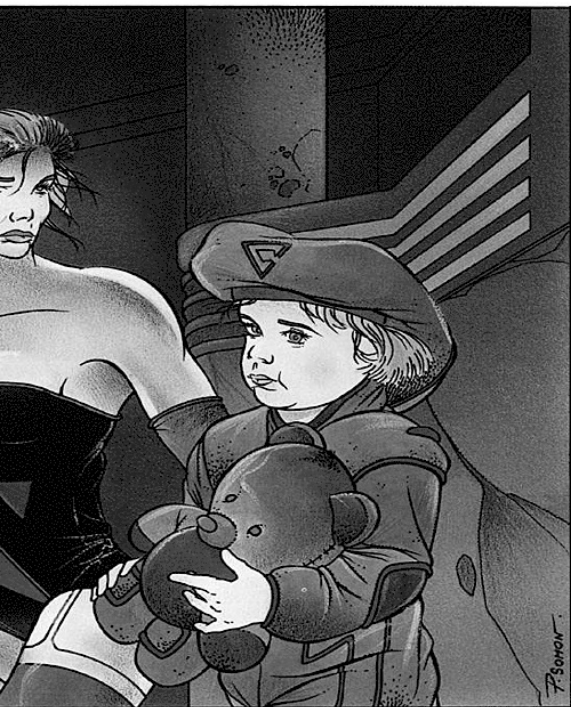
RIVAL - DREADING ONLY THE PALLET
INSTRUMENTS WHICH DEPRIVED HER
NCE OF HER LOVER.



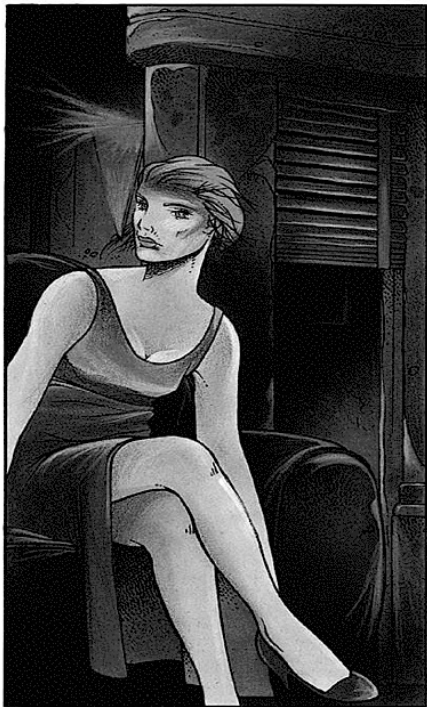
IT WAS THUS A TERRIBLE THING FOR TH
OF HIS DESIRE TO PORTRAY



HIS LADY TO HEAR THE PAINTER SPEAK
/ EVEN HIS YOUNG BRIDE.



BUT SHE WAS HUMBLE AND OBEDIENT
IN THE DARK, HIGH TURRET-C
DRIPPED UPON THE PALE CAN



T, AND SAT MEEKLY FOR MANY WEEKS
CHAMBER WHERE THE LIGHT
WAS ONLY FROM OVERHEAD.



BUT HE, THE PAINTER, TOO
WHICH WENT ON FROM HOUR



OK GLORY IN HIS WORK,
TO HOUR, AND DAY TO DAY.



AND HE WAS A PASSIONATE,
WHO BECAME LO



AND WILD, AND MOODY MAN,
ST IN REVERIES...



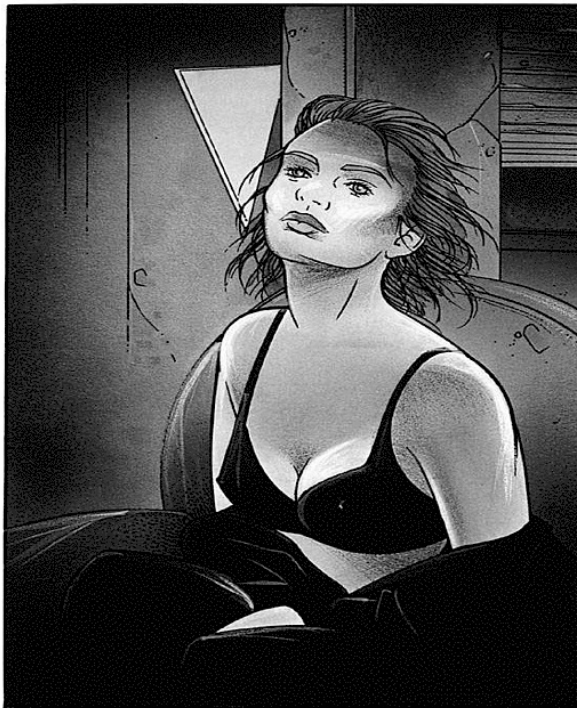
SO THAT HE WOULD NOT SEE THAT
IN THAT LONE TURRET WITHERED THE
WHO PINED VISIBLY



THE LIGHT WHICH FELL SO GHASTLY
HEALTH AND THE SPIRITS OF HIS BRIDE,
TO ALL BUT HIM...



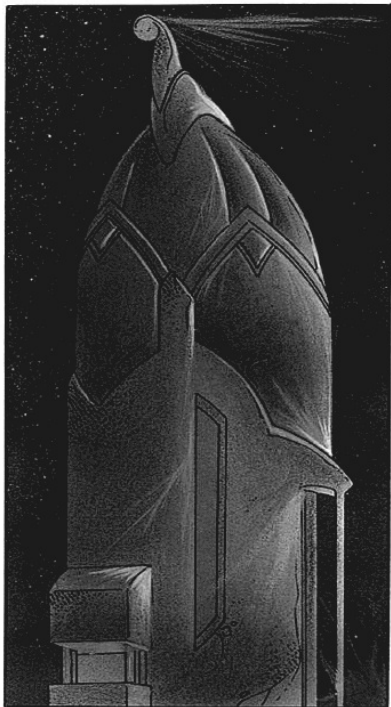
YET SHE SMILED ON AND STILL ON, UNC
THE PAINTER TOOK A FERVID AND
AND WROUGHT DAY AND NIGHT TO
YET WHO GREW DAILY MORE



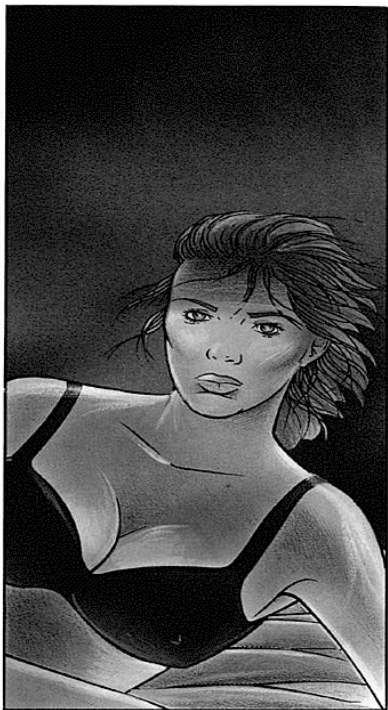
COMPLAININGLY, BECAUSE SHE SAW THAT
BURNING PLEASURE IN HIS TASK,
DEPICT HER WHO SO LOVED HIM,
E DISPIRITED AND WEAK...



BUT AT LENGTH, AS THE LABOR DR
THERE WERE ADMITTED NONE INTO
HAD GROWN WILD WITH TH



FEW NEARER TO ITS CONCLUSION,
TO THE TURRET - FOR THE PAINTER
THE ARDOR OF HIS WORK...



...AND TURNED HIS EYES FROM C
THE COUNTENANCE OF HIS WIFE, AND
WHICH HE SPREAD UPON THE CANVA
OF HER WHO SA



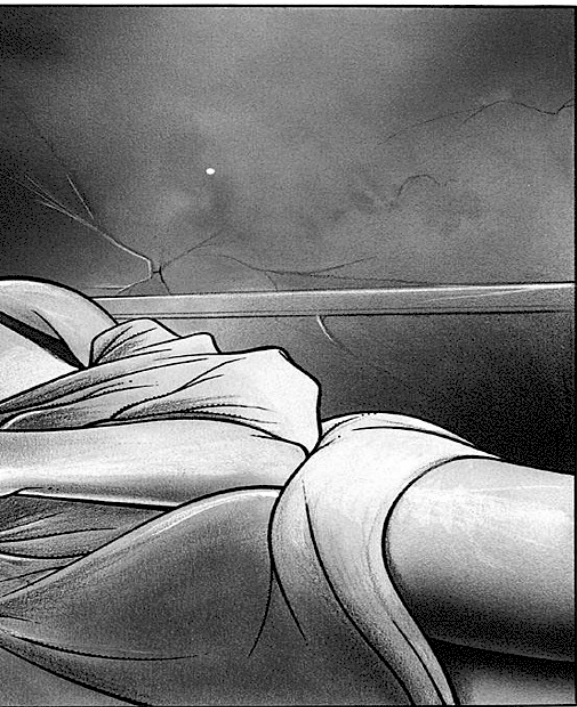
ANVAS MERELY, EVEN TO REGARD
HE WOULD NOT SEE THAT THE TINTS
AS WERE DRAWN FROM THE CHEEKS
AT BESIDE HIM.



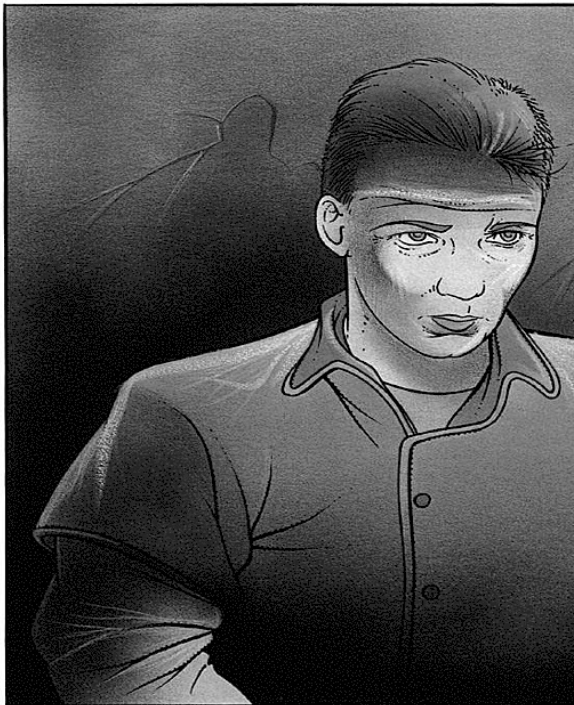
AND WHEN MANY WEEKS HAD PASSED
SAVE ONE BRUSH UPON THE MOUNTAIN
THE SPIRIT OF THE LADY AGAIN FLICKERED
OF THE LAMP, AND THEN THE BRUSH WAS C



D, AND BUT LITTLE REMAINED TO DO,
TH AND ONE TINT UPON THE EYE,
ED UP AS THE FLAME WITHIN THE SOCKET
GIVEN... AND THEN THE TINT WAS PLACED...



...AND, FOR ONE MOMENT, THE PAINTER
WHICH HE HAD WROUGHT; BUT IN THE
TREMULOUS AND VERY PALLID, AND AG
"THIS IS INDEE



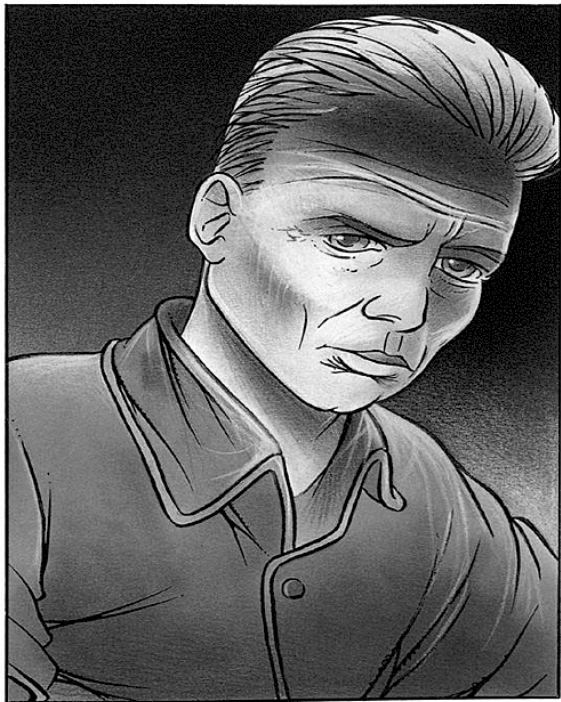
STOOD ENTRANCED BEFORE THE WORK
NEXT, WHILE HE YET GAZED, HE GREW
HAST, AND CRYING WITH A LOUD VOICE,
ED LIFE ITSELF!"...



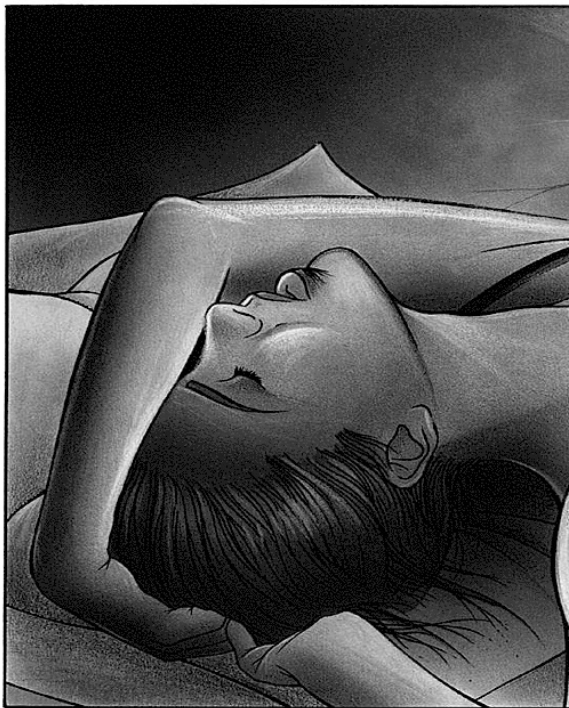
...TURNED SUDDENLY TO



TO REGARD HIS BELOVED...



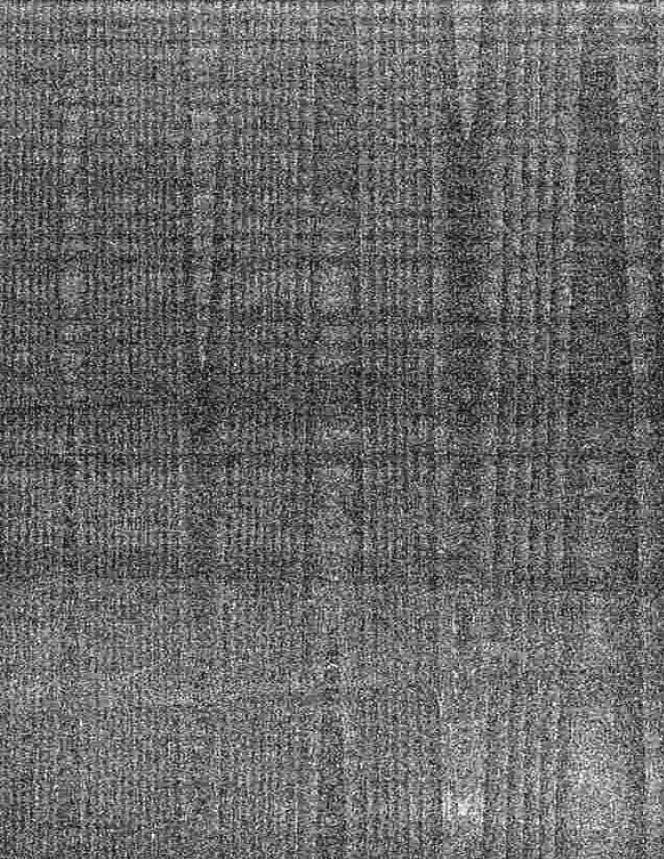
...SHE WA

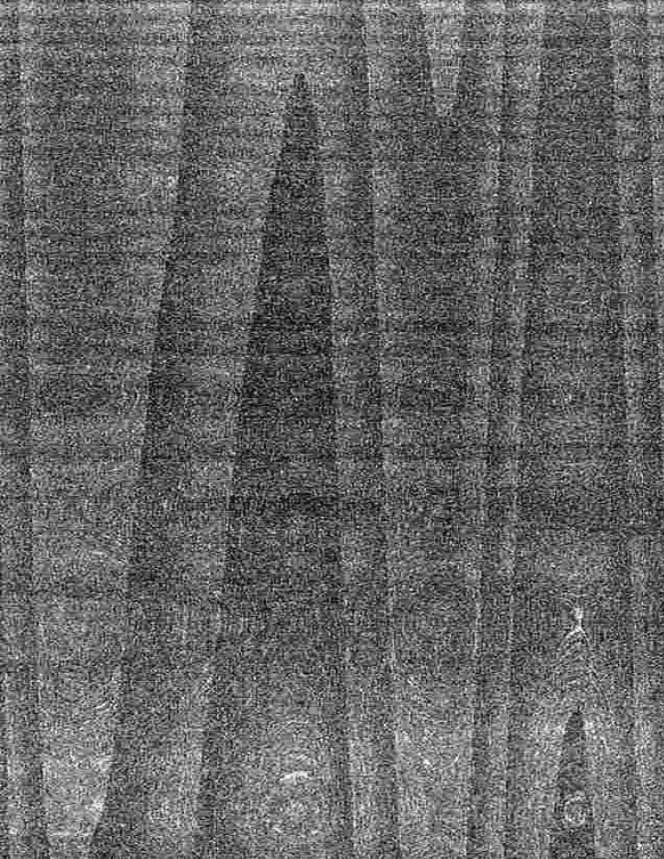


AS DEAD!



P. Bohon.









SNIPER - BDS - DCP

